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THE

# ENCHANTRESS;

AN OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED BY THE

# PYNE & HARRISON TROUPE

AT THE

BROADWAY THEATRE.

THE WORDS BY M. DE ST. GEORGES AND MR. BUNN.

NEW-YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH, 121 NASSAU STREET.

1854.



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FROM
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# ENCHANTRESS.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Don Sylvio,		•		•		•	•		Mr.	W.	HARRISON.
Ramir,	•	•	•		•	•		•		Mr.	BORRANI.
Dr. Mathana	sius,	•		•		-	•		-	Mr.	WHITING.
Duke d'Aqui	la,	•	-		-	-		-	-		MEYER.
Galeas, -	-	-		-		-	-		-	-	SANFORD.
Chief of the	8e <b>na</b> t	e,	-		-	-		-	-		WALTERS.
Chief of the	Assas	sins,		-		-	-		٠,		BERNARD.
Nuguez,	-	-	-		-	•		-			McDOUALL.
First Officer	, -	-		-		-	-		•	-	CUTTER.
Second Offic	er,	•	•		•	•		•	•		G. RBA.
Bracchio,	-			-		-	-		-		HORTON.
Pacheco,	-	-	-		-	-		-	•		WRIGHT.
Jose, -	, -	-		-		•	-		-	-	VINCENT.
Lords, La	dies, I	?irate	ı, 8	oldi	ers,	&c.,	by	nu	nerou	s Au	xiliaries.
Stella, (the	Encha	intres	E,)	-				,	Mis	LO	UISA PYN <b>E</b> .

# THE ENCHANTRESS

# ACT I.

Scene I.—The Hermitage of "Our Lady of the Woods," situated on a lofty mountain of the Abrazzi, near Chietti, the approach to which is by steps out in the rocks—it commands a picturesque view, bounded by forests and high mountains in the horizon—on the o. P. the statue of "Our Lady," near which a lamp is burning.

#### CHORUS.

(Heard first in the distance, then on the stage.) Bend before high Heaven the knee In faith and in humility! Pray that the parch'd and barren ground With plenty may once more abound; And now where drought and want appal Its dews may bountifully fall. Lift up on high this solemn strain, Where sorrow never pleads in vain; Fra Ant. Doubt not your prayers will be heard.

> During the Chorus, Mathanasius has been seen ascending the rocks, and at its termination he enters.

Math. I come to enquire after my young friend, Sylvio.

Fra. Ant. Ah! the brave and noble youth brought up by you. Math. I can't answer for his nobility, because his family is equally unknown to either of us-but he's too brave by half-riding from morn-

ing till night all over these mountains, on a wild sort of a horse, at the risk of breaking his neck every ten minutes.

Fra. Ant.. Heaven will protect him. First Pea. Provided he does not fall in with the Enchantress of Saint Michael. She never makes her appearance, but misfortunes are sure to follow—hail, and thunder, and floods!

Math. Oh! you've an Enchantress amongst ye, have ye? what a lucky set of people—I never met with one, except in my books, and I should have no objection to make such acquaintance, if she's of real flesh and blood-but who is this strange creature?

Fra. Ant. I will tell you what they relate of her in these parts:

#### BALLAD.

She is seen when the vapours of morn arise. When the dews of even fall-When the moonbeams break through the cloudy skies And shine on the cloister's wall:

When earth is troubled, or thick the air,

The sorrow to some
On many may come,

For the Sorceress then is dwelling there!

CHORUS.

When earth is troubled, or thick the air,
The sorrow to some
On many may come,
For the Sorceress then is dwelling there!

#### SECOND VERSE.

She is seen on the loftiest mountain's brow,
In caves of the hollow rock,
Which mortal footsteps do never plough,.
And mortal approach which mock:
When earth is troubled, or thick the air,
The sorrow to come
On many may come.

For the Sorceress then is dwelling there!
CHORUS REPEATED.

[MATHANABIUS seems stupified—at this moment a shot is heard in the valley.

First Pea. what means that sound? [All rushing up to back. Math. (exclaiming) A horse knocked down on the brink of the precipice, and its rider perhaps killed. Run—run.

[They all run out in a body, followed by Mathanasius, except Fra Antonio, who claps his hands, and three men, dressed in black, appear at his bidding.

Fra. Ant. Who fired?

Man. I!

Fra Ant. Who commanded thee?

Man. One who commands us all.

Fra Ant. Good—they are coming back—disappear—but be not far off.

[The three men conceal themselves amongst the rocks, and Mathanasius returns supporting Sylvio in his arms, surrounded by the Peasants, running about in great disorder.

Sylvio, Thanks, thanks, my good Mathanasius.

Math. What has befallen thee?

Sylvio. Let me try and recollect.

#### AIR AND CHORUS.

As borne on my unruly steed,
As fleet as foot could go,
I reached yon mountain's ridge with speed,
And saw the gulph below;
While standing near me, unamazed,
When aid I sought to win,
A spirit witnessed, as she gazed,
The danger I was in.

As in her smile, where beauty played,
She bade me place my trust,
A ball from yonder coppice laid
My courser in the dust.
That form, though oft at distance seen,
I never met before.
Or all my heart's delight had been
Its image to adore!

Math. Sylvio. Describe her look-

As soft and light
As morning's dew of silvery white—
Her form is bound by scarf of red,
And veil of gold adorns her head—
While 'neath its texture far more fine,
The brightest eyes on earth do shine!

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

'Tis she! 'tis she! whose witch's hand Has desolated all the land. Death to the Sorceress—hasten and trace The spot accurst of her hiding place!

Sulvio. Stop! she's the angel of life to me—

Chorus. In her the angel of death we see— Rush over thicket, climb up the hill,

Where fire can burn, or weapon can kill.

Sylvio. (with energy) If ye've the courage of men, forbear.

Nor seek the life of a being so fair.

Chorus. Follow, follow, heed not him,
Find out the Sorceress, scatter each limb
Over the earth she has laid so bare,

And let her of those who would till it, beware!

Repulsing Sylvio, and rushing out among the mountains.

Fra. Ant. (restraining Sylvio) Calm yourself, my son, they will not find her whom they seek.

Sylvio. How so?

secret of my birth.

Fra Ant. Why, if she be a Sorceress, she'll easily escape their blows. Sylvio. I have no faith in any good or evil spirits, which are only to be met with in the musty books of the library of our old ruined tower, and my worthy pastor has tried all their alchemy in vain, to find out the

Math. The fact is, good Hermit, that is an extraordinary history, One night, about eighteen years ago, I had just landed in your fine kingdom of Naples, when a knocking was heard at the door of the fisherman's hut, where I was to pass the night—I ran to open it, when a man, dressed in black, and endowed with a most villainous counterman.

a man, dressed in black, and endowed with a most villainous countenance, placed in my hands a very large purse, and a very little baby, saying in a terrible voice, "go into the Abruzzi mountains—take possession of the old Castle of St. Michael—it is thine—carry this child with thee—one day, perchance, thou may'st be happy and rich." I did as I was bid.

Sylvio. (laughing) We are certainly happy, but it would puzzle any one to be poorer than we are

Math. Since you doubt all prodigies, I have a great mind to attempt

a little bit of conjuration, just to convince you of your folly.

Sylvio. If I can but see this Enchantress, or Sorceress, as they call her, the sooner you begin, the better—and if you succeed, I will be-

lieve—so commence your conjuration.

Math. Here it is, in this wonderful volume—"The Demoniomania," composed for the benefit of all classes of society, desirous of giving themselves up to-the gentleman in black. (Opens the book.

Math. In Lucifer's name, and that of his crew,

Spirit of evil appear to our view!

Such invocation becomes not at all Sylvio.

The beautiful spirit on whom we call! Fra Ant. Whether a fiend, or a spirit of grace,

Act not such scene in this sanctified place.

Math. List to a challenge more fitting by far ·Goblin, or fairy, or sunbeam, or star.

Come hither, come!

Sulvio. Oh, prythee come! Be silent! behold o'er the darkened sky Fra. Ant.

Where the thunder rolls, and lightnings fly! Oh do not come!

[Loud thunder heard—indication of a storm.

Math. In Belzebub's name

Thy presence I claim.

Sylvio By love, through whose care Thou we'rt formed so fair.

By the spell of fear

Fra. Ant. Which prevaileth here—

Matt. & Sylvio. Appear! appear!

Fra Ant. Do not appear!

[The lightning suddenly flashes, and Stella appears at the back of the Hermitage, she is dressed in a picturesque and brilliant manner, and her head is covered with a black veil, studded with gold stars; Fra Antonio falls on his knees terrified; Mathanasius lets the book fall out of his hand, and Sylvio gazes at the Sorceress with delight.

RECITATIVE.—STELLA.

To the reigons of earth, Whence I sprung at my birth, Your call was conveyed— From the realms of the air, For I also dwell there-That call I obeyed.

#### AIR.

I've love spells for the young coquette, And charms for her who's jealous. too;

For lovers, secrets which they yet Ne'er read the fondest billet doux. In me all spirits, good or bad,

Their trust repose, and love me well, For I, with beings light or sad, The regions people where they dwell.

#### ENSEMBLE.

Fra. Ant. Oh, what a fearful sight It doth the soul affright, That one whom guilt so dyes. Should have such lovely eyes.

Math. and Sylvio. Oh, what a true delight, To find on such a sight, One in whose radiant eyes Such matchless beauty lies.

SECOND VERSE.

Stella.

If I possess a single charm, Which over mortal gaze hath sway. Beneath it is some hidden harm. To steal such happiness away, Oh, then, mistrust my baneful smile, My love is a deceitful thing, Which, for a moment, may beguile, But, wanting heart, will soon take wing. ENSEMBLE.

Fra. Ant. O, what a fearful sight. It doth the soul affright, That one whom guilt so dyes, Should have such lovely eyes.

Math. and Sylvio. Oh, what a true delight, To find, on such a sight, One in whose radiant eyes Such matchless beauty lies.

Fra. Ant. (to Stella) Retire-

Stella (smiling) And is this how you receive all the pretty girls, who pay you a visit? It is said you are not quite so stern to a certain Jianina, whom you shrive at night in preference to the morning.

Fra. Ant. Vadre retro Satanas.

Stella. In the first place, I am not Satan, and in the next place, I came because you called me.

Fra. Ant. It was not I.

Math. 'Twas I!

Stella. So much the worse. Math. Why so?

Stella. Because I would much rather it had been that young cavalier. (pointing to Sylvio.

Sylvio. Be satisfied—it was at my request the doctor exorcised thee.

Stella. And what do you want with me?

Sylvio. To thank you for having saved my life.

Stella. Do you know why I did so? In the true spirit of a demon, I saved your body to possess your soul.

Sylvio. (enraptured) No matter! body and soul alike are thine.

Math. My pupil is getting on too fast—but it is terrible to think that such a bewitching creature should be exposed to any danger from these brutes of peasants, who have sworn her destruction.

Sylvio. Good heavens! I forgot! Save thyself!

Stella. I am well aware that persons are in pursuit of me, and bent

1\*

on my life! but I await them and their muskets: they are even now climbing the steps of the Hermitage, and will instantly be here.

Sylvio. (advancing) They shall kill me before they can reach thee. Stella. Their bullets will not harm me, but you; and if I consent to fly, is for your sake alone-

Math. They are here. (pointing to some Peasants arriving.)

Sylvio. Shall I not see you again?

Stella. Yes!

Sylvio. When? Stella. To-night!

. Sylvio. And where? Stella. In a dream.

(Disappearing by the steps of the Hermitage, and making a mysterious sign to Fra Antonio, just as a body of armed Peasants make their appearance.)

First Pea. There she is. (Pointing to the path where Stella has disappeared.)

Pea. Down with her! Fire on the Sorceress!

[Instantly three or four shots are fired in the direction which Stella took.

Pea. Well shot—there's her veil falling down the precipice—she's dead!

> [All hurry out in a body from the Hermitage, while Sylvio, who was on the point of rushing after them, staggers and falls down on one of the seats.

Math. (approaching him with great anxiety) Good heavens! he has swooned, and in this miserable hole, with no one to help him. (Then addressing Fra Antonio, he exclaims) I'll run for an elixir, and return [Exit Mathanasius. instantly.

Fra Ant. (assuring himself that no one sees him) The moment is favorable. (He pours a few drops out of a bottle under his vest into a rustic cup, and applies them to Sylvio's lips, whose head fall on his breast, when suddenly enter two of the Pirates.)

Pirate. Is he dead?

Fra Ant. (smiling) Oh no-only asleep.

[Fra Antonio, touches a spring, and the seat on which Sylvio is sleeping decends with him under ground.

Pirate. Where is he going?

Fra Ant. Into the cavern—such is Stella's order.

Pirate. Be it so. (then laughing) A good voyage, my Lord, we shall meet again below by the time you wake.

Ramir. (throwing off his hermit's disguise) To the cavern!

Pirates. To the cavern.

[All three aoina off

[All three going off hastily.

Scene II .- The Pirates' Cavern, to which a staircase cut in the rocks leads—the walls are decorated with arms of every description—at the back, a door concealed by a tiger's skin, which serves for a drapery-the Cavern is lighted by an opening from above, through which a rich moonlight is streaming.

Nuguez, Sacripanti, Forte, Bracchio, Pacheco, and other Pirates enter

#### CHORUS.

Comrades and friends, from battle and strife Hither we come for a calmer life;

An altered scene—for we've changed our berth From the sea, to the centre of mother earth, Wherein is treasured the wealth we possess, And her we love with such tenderness

Enter Ramir, having thrown off the hermit's disguise.

Ramir. We have no longer a chief! Tellis is taken! taken by the Portuguese. Ah! my brave comrades, you know Tellis had but one affection in the world!—that was for his daughter—the little Stella. One day he took me aside on deck-he seemed low spirited and uneasy-"Ramir," said he, "I must consult, at all risks, some learned man upon my daughter's health, and, as no one would venture to pay us a visit out at sea, we must find one on shore, carry him off, and bring him hither." Upon which we lowered a boat, and in four hours landed. We found out a doctor and gave him a rendezvous that very evening, on the outskirts of the town; but he had us surrounded by a body of soldiers in disguise, who, despite every effort, seized the brave Tellis, -and what is still worse our noble captain was recognized by a Portuguese soldier whom he had roughly handled in one of our last battles; no sooner had this important capture become known, than the people surrounded the fortress demanding the death of Tellis, and the admiralty decided upon his fate that day. I lay concealed for three days, near the fortress, determined to sacrifice my own life, if I could only save his, when yesterday I received this letter, sealed, for his daughter, when she should be old enough to read it, and this paper for ourselves,—which changed all my prospects.

All. Let us hear.

Ramir. (reads letter.) "In the name of heaven, which I so often have offended, and of which I implore pardon! I adjure all my brave comrades to obey my last will: Should I die on a hostile shore, I wish my child to be their child! their chief! their queen! I call upon them to give her, no matter at what cost, nor in what country, the most brilliant education possible, and when she arrives at eighteen, she shall be at liberty to continue at their head, or disband them; but first of all. they must give her this document, wherein I require her, for the repose of my soul, to accomplish the sacred yow I entrust to her honor. Adieu. comrades! if at daybreak you hear three guns, I shall have escaped death—if you hear four, Tellis will be no more. Lament me not, but avenge me !" Listen! having sworn to live and die for Stella, her wishes and caprices have thus far been our law; but enraged as the peasantry now are against her, unite with me in persuading her to leaving the

Nuque. Should she refuse!

Pirate. Implore her.

Nugue. And should she resist-

Ramir. Compel her. Nuque. Not I, for one!

Another. Nor I!

Another. Nor I.
Ramir. Well, all I ask you is to speak as I shall.

Pirates. All! all!

Ramir. Silence—here she is.

CHORUS.

Ever be happy and light as thou art, Pride of the Pirate's heart!

Long be thy reign On the land, o'er the main. By the glaive, by the chart, Queen of the pirate's heart!

Stella. Ramir, thou hast played thy part of hermit well, a hard task for a good pirate, and I am satisfied with thee. [Giving him her hand. Ramir. That's more than I am with you—your hardy excursions may lead to ruin, and from this moment I beseech you to remain amongst

Stella. I refuse your request.

Ramir. To save your life we will compel you.

All. Yes, compel you!

Stella. (energetically) And which of you will dare? Am I not queen and sovereign mistress here?

Pirates. Yes.

Stella. And have I not the sole right to issue orders and impose laws? Ramir. But if—

Stella. Be silent! Have you forgotten that my father made me your chief? And have you not all sworn eternal obedience to me?

Pirates. Yes, all.

Stella. Then hear me, all. Do not imagine that the mere whim of a young girl has made me enact the fantastical character of sorceress, but know that if I consent to live amongst ye, a sacred vow imposes such duty on me, to accomplish the task marked out for me by my father; without you, I know I can do nothing, but with you I can complete my arduous undertaking. Choose then, blind obedience, and I remain with ye—resistance to my will, and I leave you forever.

For. Bra. We'd die first! command, order, and to the last man we'll

perish to serve you.

Stella. Ramir, do you, who are alone in my secret, refuse to follow me?

Ramir. Forgive me! [falling on one knee.] One day perhaps you

will know me better-order, and I obey.

Pirate. [entering] The stranger who descended into the cavern seems about to wake.

Stella. There's not a moment to lose! transport him into the fairy grotto of this subterranean palace, where you have collected for me all the world's treasures.

Ramir. (aside to Stella) But should this youth recognize you?

Stella. Did I not tell him he should see me again in a dream, and for that purpose did you not throw him into a profound sleep, by my orders? It is by the illusions we are about to present to him, surrounded as I shall be by the young slaves you brought hither to aid me, and who are now become my friends, I hope to point out to him the line of conduct he is to follow, and to commence the fulfilment towards him of my father's wish.

Ramir. (aside to Stella) But are you not aware he loves you?

Stella. (haughtily.) I am very well aware that I ought never to love him; but hear my final orders. Nuguez, do you repair to the Marquis de Monte Fior, secretary at war to the Regent of Sicily, and ask him for a captain's commission, he will refuse you; but leave twenty thousand piastres on his desk, and you will bring the commission away with you. You, Pacheco, purchase the handsomest house in Palermo, and have engraven on its door, "The Palace of Don Sylvio." The rest await me at Catana, while I repair to the fairy grotto.

#### CHORUS (repeated.)

Ever be happy and light as thou art, &c.

AIR.—Ramir.

"She loves him! o'er that youthful form
"I've watched while other's slept—

"When round us raged the wildest storm "That watch more firmly kept:

- "With thoughts which neither tongue nor pen "Have ever dared avow,
- "And what I felt as brother then,
  "I feel as lover now.
  - "She loves him! that absorbing spell

"So fond, so true, so deep,

- "Is one which those alone can tell,
  "Who smile when they should weep.
  "That smile which often doth bespeak
- "A happy heart, and gay;
  "While tears upon the self same cheek
- "While tears upon the self same cheek "Are wasting it away."

Scene III.—A Vast Grotto, hung round with flowers and the richest stuffs, worked in gold, enclose the further end of the Grotto. The riches of Europe and Asia appear to have been collected together in this strange abode.

On a Greek bed of silver brocade, Sylvio is lying still sleeping—a celestial music is played—when Sylvio awakes by degrees and the following chorus is heard—

#### CHORUS.

Divinities to whom the wave
Existence gave!
Ye who from sparkling flame
To being came!
Ye who to bounteous earth
Do owe your birth!
Come hither and answer the call
Of one who is queen of ye all!
Sylvio (opening his eyes.)

CAVATINA.—Introduction.

What spot is this? And what unearthly sound Breathes such a charm of soft delight around? Oh if each sense be bound not in a dream, On mortal gaze such light ne'er yet did beam!

When this enchantment I behold!
These halls so bright that are—
The tablets of my heart unfold
Some scenes more lovely far:
Though lost forever now is she
Who gave them such a grace,

Yet only one, like her, can be The spirit of this place.

It is not that I hope to find, Though earth were traversed o'er,

A being of that perfect kind Which met my sight before:

But some resemblance there might be For memory to trace,

If once my aching eyes could see The spirit of this place.

# CHORUS (repeated.)

Divinities to whom, &c.

[At the termination of this romance, the back of the Grotto opens, and Stella appears on a brilliant throne, surrounded by a group of young beautiful Greek slaves—she wears a light kind of costume of gauze of rainbow blue and silver—and a rose at her side.

Sylvio. You heard me, then, and are still in existence?

Stella. Undoubtedly, since you see me here—besides, did I not promise I would appear to you in a dream? I always keep my word.

Sylvio. No, no, I dream not, this can be no illusion! [About to class her in his arms.

Stella. (retiring) Approach me not, or I dissappear for ever from your

Silvio. I feel that I would rather die, than not see thee again.

Stella. You must live—live to accomplish your destiny. Before however, I reveal the fate which awaits you, you must swear to obey me in every respect.

#### DUETT.

Stella. My presence still in calm or storm Shall aid to thee impart,

And learn, that if I change my form, I never change my heart!

Sulvio. I swear obedience by the love I feel.

Stella. Ne'er from thy lip such word again must steal Sylvio. And why?

Stella. One day thou all shalt know. Meanwhile thou must unto Palermo go.

Sylvio. I will. Stella. Unto thy palace!

Sylvio. What dost thou mean? Stella. The noblest in that city to be seen,

> There a commission suited to thy mind, Which gives thee rank of captain, thou wilt find.

Sylvio. Of captain? Stella. Yes, and three months hence will see Chieftain and general, thy rank will be.

Sylvio. What dost thou say? Stella. And hence from four months' date.

Behold the station which doth thee await.

Sylvio turns round, and from the centre of the young slaves, he sees one of them advance, presenting him, on a cushion, a sceptre and a royal orown.

Sylvio. (rubbing his eyes.) A crown!

Stella. The crown of Sicily's before thine eyes.

Sylvio. My mind is filled with strange and deep surprise! SOLO.

The crown! the sceptre! which before me beam, I could but in a vision see,
Enchanting creature, be the rest a dream,
If they are but reality.

If thou art but reality.

[Falling on his kness to Stella.

Stella. This is no dream—my promises recall,

And thou shalt find that I will keep them all.

Sylvio. Angel of beauty and of peace the same—
Stella. Thy guardian angel is a fitter name!
If danger threaten or grief you fear,
In hour of sorrow you will find me near:
But happy once, and far from peril free.

Her whom you gaze on, you no more will see.

Sylvio At such a price misfortune be my lot,

Bound by thy spell on this beguiling spot.

Stella. (aside) Too much of this! (then to Sylvio.)

Here take this fragrant rose,
Its perfume to thy heart will bring repose—
And if thou shouldst not lose it, it will be
A charm for ever to remember me!
My presence still in calm or storm
Shall aid to thee impart,

And learn, that if I change my form,
I never change my heart!

[On a motion from Stella the pirates enter on all sides.

Stella. (pointing to Sylvio asleep.) To Palermo!

Ramir. (aside and placing his hand on his dagger.) She loves him!—
and I was not deceived.

[The pirates surround Sylvio, the Greek slaves range themselves around Stella, and the curtain falls on this tableau.

END OF ACT I.

#### ACT II.

Scene I.—A tent of an encampment near the sea, in the plains of Altcant—a table richly laid out in the centre, round which Sylvio and other young Officers are seated.

1st Officer. Gentlemen, here's the health of the bravest officer in the Regent's army, Colonel Sylvio.

All. Colonel Sylvio.

.....

Sylvio. I may be more fortunate than others, but cannot be braver.

2nd Officer. Whence comes all thy good fortune?

Sulvio. As I am sure my friends will not repeat it to the Inquisition. I may as well let you into the secret, that your comrade, Colonel Sylvio. is bewitched.

All. By the devil?

Sulvio. No-by an angel, who, for the last three months has led me by the hand to glory and good fortune.

Officer. Hast seen her? Sylvio. Yer; I have seen her—in a dream.

Officer. No matter, our friend has had a delightful dream, in three months Captain and Colonel!! We should all like to have the same kind of dreams

[They hear the morning call beat, and all execut except Sylvio Sylvio. My whole life's a mystery—and whether far or near, some

kind genius watches over, and protects me.

Mathanasius (entering and hearing these last words) What, you're caught at last are ye? you do then believe in supernatural beings?

Sylvio. How can I do otherwise, my dear doctor? and you to question me respecting this change of fortune, which you can't comprehend any

more than I can.

Mat. Comprehend! I should like to know who can? a stranger comes and tells me you are waiting for me at Palermo, when I left you for dead on a mountain in Abruzzi. I set off, and on my arrival, find you

as sound asleep as if nothing had happened.

Sylvio. Then a Captain's commission, and in two months after, the rank of Colonel sent me by the Regent of Sicily; but I rather suspect my faith in my guardian angel is in danger of being broken: in three months I was to be made "General"—the third month expires this very day, in a few minutes, and I am only Colonel.

An Officer Enters.

Officer. A messenger with dispatches from the Regent.

Exit.

[A Page enters and respectfully presents a sealed dispatch to

Sylvio, who seems stupified.

Sylvio. (looking at the page-breaking the seal, and unfolding the commission of a General) My doubts were premature, (almost beside himself to Mathanasius) I am General! the Regent gives me this step for service rendered to the army—the Sorceress has kept her word again —but good heavens, doctor, (looking fixedly on the Page) is this an illusion? look at that youth, do you trace no resemblance to any one?

Mat. Yes, he's the image of the apothecary's boy at St. Michael. Sylvio. Absurd. [agitated.] Those loved features—those bright and eloquent eyes recall--[to the Page] My good youth, pray tell me who

vou are?

Page. One of the Regent's Pages, who has obtained his prince's leave to bring you this commission, to have an opportunity of serving under your banner, general.

Mat. Here's a pretty devil of a warrior for you,—a terrible affair for

the Neapolitans.

Stella. More terrible than you seem to imagine, and I'd advise you to keep a respectable distance from my sword.

Mat. What a regular firebrand—he'll settle all our enemies.

Stella. Oh, as to your enemies, there's only one I am afraid of, and I'll tell you who that is.

SONG.

A youthful knight, whose hopes were bent On glory's high career. Arrayed himself, and forth he went A dauntless cavalier!

Against each foe, upon each field, He bore a gallant part;

But there was one who would not yield. And that was-woman's heart

The noble youth, still undismayed, Determined not to flee-

Though if the truth be told, afraid That he might vanquished be:

Oh never be it said, he criede

I bore a recreant part:

And fighting still for what he sighed, He captured woman's heart.

Sulvio. (in amazement) 'Tis strange—even that very voice, though somewhat of a more manly tone, resounds in my heart like a distant echo of her's I so much love.

Mat. I say, youngster—what's the court gossip about just now? Page. No great good, I fear-between you and I-but you must not betray me—the nobility, as well as the people, are getting tired of our Regent, and all the favors he bestows on his worthless parasite, the infa-

mous Galeas

Mat. The Regent, I hear, is a devil of a fellow, running after all the girls, wasting the people's money in fetes and fooleries, and selling all sorts of places and appointments to get more.

- Sylvio. [ pointing to the Page.] The more I hear him speak, the more I seem to have heard such accents before. [To Mathanasius] Do you

know any voice like that youth's?

Mat. It sounds very like that of Boniface, the young butcher boy; (joyfully) but I must hasten and tell them all of your further advancement. It saves a great deal of trouble to have a stepping-stone to one's Exit Mathanasius. saddlé

Sylvio. The doctor has taken leave of his senses to a certainty, and I

fear I shall lose mine.

Page. What makes my general look so melancholy?
Sylvio. I'll tell thee. The fondest and most delightful recollections of my life are called up by thy presence, and the more I gaze on thee, the more I seem to trace in thee the adored features of a girl-

Page. (suddenly stopping him) General, permit me to say that

amounts almost to an insult.

Sylvio. I acknowledge my error; but if thou wouldst only knowyet, after all, thou art a youth, whose heart is not worn out, like that of my old doctor, and thou can'st understand the pangs of love.

Page. You love her then fondly?

Sylvio. Love her! (impassionately) as man ne'er loved before.

ROMANCE.

I love her as that heav'n I love, Whose shrine we are forbid to know, Whose light and beauty formed above, But rarely blend with aught below:

When slumber's pinions o'er me play, In dreams her form appears to me, And when those visions pass away, Its image still I seem to see.

In hour of joy, or of distress, She is my heart's presiding star: And by her unmatched lovliness, I feel how worthless others are-When slumber's pinions o'er me play, In dreams her form appears to me, And when those visions pass away, Its image still I seem to see.

Page. (in a softened tone) I believe it all, and feel sure you are loved in return.

Sylvio. Good heavens? a tear? and that tender look—answer and

deceive me no longer—who art thou?

Page. I have already told you, general, I am but a simple page; but if I might presume to give you advice, it is in your power to become the idol of the soldiers and the people as well, by saving Sicily.

Sylvio. What mean you?

Page. Listen. I have heard by chance, that in a few hours, the fleet which landed the Neapolitans on the shores of Sicily, will be all on fire, and by falling suddenly on them, not one will ever return.

Sylvio. This would be the glory of the army and myself as well, and

I can scarcely believe what I hear.

Page. A few minutes more, and you will be convinced.

Loud noise outside, and Mathanasius runs in pale and dismayed.

Mat. A revolt has broken out in the camp, and the soldiers, instigated by a stranger, refuse to obey orders, unless they are paid their arrearsthe old go-no pay, no fight.

Sylvio. And who is this stranger?

Mat. They're bringing the fellow this way—here he is.

#### MORCEAU D'ENSEMBLE AND CHORUS.

Several Officers enter, bringing in Ramir.

Behold the wretch who basely sought Officer. A revolution to excite.

Hast thou the gallant soldier wrought Sylvio. To mutiny, when he should fight?

Ram.Your troops are in the right, and hard-earn'd pay To make them constant is the only way.

Page (Aside to Ramir) Wretch! this is then thy deed? Ram. (pointing to Sylvio) By vengeance fired,

The troops thro' me, against him have conspired!

And what has been his crime? Page

His love for thee Rum. (aside to Page) Is one, that never will unpardoned be.

> [Here a body of the mutinous Soldiers rush into the tent of Sylvio.

Sylvio. Comrades, a moment pause, this very night

Glory again will take her wonted flight: In honor's name your colors seize once more,

And fight with him who fought with you before!

Soldiers. Gold! gold! our due—and we will march again.

Sylvio. The coffers of the state-do none contain.

Page. But your's are full.

Sylvio I've not on earth a thing——
Page. Except these ducats I was charged to bring.

[On a sign from the Page the curtains from the tent are withdrawn, and four men enter, carrying two coffers of gold, which they lay at Sylvio's feet.

Mat. More magic still.

Ram. A rumour here had flown,

The state had no more means—

Page.
Ram. Our gold!

This is our own.
Our gold!

Page. (aside to Ramir)

It is thy fault that they rebelled, And thus through thee, the outbreak I have quelled— Fulfilled my father's wishes, helped to pile Fortune and glory o'er his path that smile. And if the principle pursued be right,

Hope to raise him to a loftier height!

Sylvio.

Page

March then to battle, for these flames that shine

Within this tent, reflected from the shore, Declare the fleet of Naples is no more.

[Here the reflection of the flames light up the tent through the opening of the curtains.

Sylvio. This is some marvel, to perplex the mind. Page. An explanation in this emblem find.

[Throwing a rose at Sylvio, and suddenly disappearing.

Sylvio. 'Twas she! 'twas she! the web she round me weaved, Hath charmed each sense, but not that sense deceived; My honor bids me follow not her spell:

(To soldiers.) To arms! Soldiers. (flurishing their weapons)

To arms I and victory as well!

[All rush out, following Sylvio, amidst the beating of drums, the firing of cannons, and the sound of martial music.

Scene II.—Hall of honor in the King's Palace at Palermo—behind the second wing, rich curtains are suspended across the stage, concealing the remainder of the interior. A large window o.p. looking out on the Palace Gardens, and on the p.s. another, overlooking a public square.

[Enter the Duke D'Aquila, (Regent) followed by Galeas, Guards, Officers, Pages, 4c., who stop in the centre of stage, and then, on a sign from the Regent, exeunt at the opposite side to which they entered.

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Duke. (to Galeas.)

Let this splendid fete be worthy of him who gives it: the Regent of Sicily-

Gal. (servilely.) Her King about to be.

#### "REPEAT OF THE AIR.

" Let all obey their ruler's voice, "And drain with him the ruby cup,

" Let every heart within rejoice, And give itself to pleasure up.

" Around them scatter plenty's horn, " And banish sorrow hence to-night "The people were for suffering born

" And those who rule them, for delight."

Gal. Your highness is right; nevertheless, sinister reports are in circulation on all sides.

Duke. What care I, if the army be for me? My coronation takes

place to morrow, and who can dispute the throne?

Gal. No one, undoubtedly sire, and yet it is scarcely to be believed, that the people, though twenty years are now passed, are not yet persuaded of the death of Don Paul, son of your kinsman, Don Pedro the

Duke. He is dead—but enough of that, let us talk of the beautiful stranger, who some time since made me the singular offer of burning the Neapolitan fleet, in exchange for the commission of a General, for that child of fortune, young Sylvio of St. Michael. I would give half my kingdom to see her again.

Gal. So much the more, as she has kept her word, for the Neapolitan fleet has been burned, they say, by a pirate vessel gliding in the midst

of their ships.

Duke. You can easily believe then, that my love for this stranger is

increased by my gratitude.

Gal. Reserve some part of it for General Sylvio, who, falling suddenly

upon the Neapolitans, has delivered Sicily of them for ever.

Duke. Instead of gratitude, I feel the deadliest hatred for him, for that stranger is perhaps in love with him, of which I am as jealous, as I am of his renown.

Duke. (to Galeas.) I do not see my fair unknown, though she pro-

mised to be present at this fete.

[A mask in the garb of a conjuror, accompanied by a troop of gipsies now enter—he approaches the Regent and respectfully asks permission to tell his fortune.

Duke. With all my heart.

[Here the Regent and mask are surrounded by a crowd of visitors, while a female in a mask and blue domino, is seen in the front watching the scene with attention. The conjuror, who is Ramir, then sings the following:

#### SONG.

I am not of that common herd, Who on the weak impose their art; Who deal in trick, and practised word, And daily act a varied part.

Upon a scroll marked out by fate, And traced by my unerring spell, All those who wish to ruminate. Their destiny at once may tell.

Duke. (laughing) Redoubted wizard, let me, then, This famous writing see.

Ram. [giving the Duke a paper.)
'Tis here—and by a charmed pen

'Twas sketched alone for THEE!

[ The Regent seizes the paper, and Ramir instantly disappears.

Stella. [who is the blue domino, unmasks, and suddenly exclaims] 'Tis Ramir! I recognize him! [then to a black domino standing near her.] There is some treason hatching.

Duke. [who has unfolded the paper given him by Ramir, reads]—
"Don Paul is living—beware of Sylvio, of St. Michael—if he dies not,
you are lost."—What mystery is this? No matter, if that man's death be necessary for my safety, he shall die.

[Stella. who has been pointing out to the black domino by her side, the paper given by Ramir to the Duke, and which he holds in his hand. suddenly comes up to him, and unmasks.

Duke. Ah! 'tis she! 'tis she!

[Advancing towards Stella, who instantly disappears in the crowd, previous to which the black domino approaches the Duke, and rapidly snatches the paper out of his hand, and is out of sight in an instant.

Duke. [turning round to Galeas] Who took that paper from my hand? Gal. I have not seen it, sire.

Duke. [enraged] As everything here has an air of mystery, let all unmask, that I may at least know what noble guests honor me with their presence. Here all unmask.

Sylvio. [perceiving Stella, who on unmasking, appears in a brilliant eastern costume, attended by several young girls, dressed as slaves.] 'Tis

she! once more these eyes behold her.

[He is rushing towards her, when the Regent, who recognizes her, places himself between them, overwhelming her with respect and attention. Sylvio turns to Mathanasius.

Stella. [aside] It is almost impossible to forewarn Sylvio of the danger which threatens him, for that man [ pointing to the Duke] will not leave me a moment—but, perhaps, in singing, I may be able to point it out to him.

#### RECITATIVE.

Upon the banks of Bosphorus, at eve and dawn of day Two hearts who loved with tenderness were heard to trill fthis lav.

#### SONG.

The young Nadir to love had dared Her who his Sultan's favor shared; And knowing not the danger near, Had ruined been, but in his ear, A spirit, who ne'er warned in vain, In softest whisper breathed this strain-

For your devoted life
Thirsts the assassin's knife!
Of those, with studied care,
Who smile on you, beware!
Beneath each flower you tread
A serpent hides it's head."

[She pointedly addresses the burden of her song to Sylvio, but perceiving every one gazing at her with astonishment, she gaily turns it off thus:

I know not if the tale be true, But as they sang, I sing to you!

[She makes a slight movement, and begins singing again.

#### SECOND VERSE.

The youth, who in his heart felt sure All feelings as his own were pure, Resolved, by passion led away, That warning voice to disobey. When bent on saving one so young, The spirit once more sweetly sung,

For your devoted life, &c.

[A feeling of delight and surprise still pervades all, when Stella diverts their attention by adding,

I know not if this tale be true, But as they sang, I sing to You!

[The fete proceeds more brilliantly than over—Sylvio is unable to get near Stella, the Duke incessantly separating them, and she again disappears, when a blue domino comes up to him and says,

 $\boldsymbol{Dom}.$  In an hour hence, be at the Pavilion of Myrtles, at the further end of the palace gardens l

Sylvio. 'Tis she ! 'tis she ! it is her shape—her form.

[He seizes the domino in his arms, and in the act of doing it, her mask falls off and Sylvio. in a state of stupefaction, perceives another instead of Stella, and at the very moment his ear catches from the centre of a group the burthen of Stella's ballad.

Sylvio. No matter—despite such prophetic warning, I will go to this rendezvous, for good fortune awaits me there.

[Doors at the further end of the hall are thrown open, and discover tables richly laid out; and to the accomponiment of a brilliant march, the Regent and all his Court and Guests enter.

Scene III.—The Pavilion of Myrtles—a circular room with doors, R. L. and C. of simple grandeur, decorated with myrtles in full bloom, various subjects painted on all the panels.—On the R., a table with a rich cover, on which is a silver bell, and a hammer to strike it with—it is lighted by a crystal globe, hanging from the arched roof.

Gal. [to them] Lie in wait near the pavilion, and when you hear this bell sound, rush in—you will find two men here, one of whom must be your victim.

[Here the R. door mysteriously opens, and Stella appears, unseen by Galeas, or the six assassins.

Chief Assas. Which?

Gal. [perplexed what answer to make] Which?—He of the two who has neither order, nor insignia of honor on his breast.

STELLA, who has overheard this closes the door and disappears.

Chief Assas. Be it so,—blood for gold,—that's our trade.

[ The Assassins execut by the door as they entered.

Gal. The Regent's commands are obeyed,—now he may come,—Ah! -here he is.

[pointing to the C. door by which the Regent enters.

Duke. Well, where are thy men?

Gal. They are there.

Pointing to the L. door.

Duke. We are proceeding to extremities—I will question him myself, and if he hesitates in his replies,—if by any strange chance, he--whom I, believe to be dead, for the last twenty years,—should come to life in his person one blow on this bell, rids me of him for ever!—(taking Galeas by the arm |- Hush! Listen! Did'st hear any thing at that door ?- [pointing to the R. door.]

Gal. I may as well make certain.

He clasps his dagger, opens the door, and finds himself face to face with Stella who appears wrapped up in a domino.

Duke You here, madam?

Stella. [with a trembling voice] Your pardon my liege, but, on leaving the fete, in search of my retinue, I have lost myself in your gardens. and thought this was the way out,—I crave leave to retire.

Duke. Stay, madam, stay.

Gal. [aside to the Duke] Bear in mind my liege, that he, whom you expect, will be to his time,

Duke. The appointment is for eleven o clock and it is little more

than ten. Withdraw, and I will answer for all.

[Exit Galeas, by the c. door.

Duke. I am grateful for any occurrence that brings me once again near you, of whom I have never ceased to think from the first moment I saw you.

Stella. [coquettishly] It is your gallantry which would persuade me I have committed no indiscretion in entering here—permit me to retire.

#### DUETT .- DUKE and STELLA.

Duke (tenderly)

Oh, stay, fair creature !- prithee, stay;

Oh, no, they wait me, far away! Stella.

Duke Some lover?

Stella. Why not—if I find

One who's just suited to my mind? Never! for thou art loved by me-

To-morrow. King of Sicily!

That threat'ning air, those tones I hear, Stella.

Instead of love, inspire with fear.

Duke (softening)

Duke.

To think another can possess

Such charms, must plead for my excess!

Be sure, my liege, one thought I am not worth Stella. Of that sole being I can love on earth.

Duke. And tell me why?

Stella. His rank and station are,

To all such prospect an eternal bar!

Duke. Love knows no obstacle, and should it be

My blesed lot to be beloved by thee-My throne-my sceptre-and the wealth they sway.

With heart and hand, I now pefore thee lay.

Stella. I do refuse them-for your rank and state, Thoughts, more of danger, than delight, c eate-

And, in those attributes, I seem to view A lord, who sways-not lover, who can sue.

Duke.A childish notion—but, that I may prove How much I prize each wish of her I love-

These idle gew-gaws I, at once, resign. To show my power cannot equal thine!

Stella. Still, one thing more, tho' whim it may appear, And one unkno in, or rarely practised here, Yet' 'tis my will, that he, the lord of all,

Should, at my feet, in supplication fall!

Duke and Stella. With what a simple tie we may The heart's affections bind!

Let wordly greatness pass away! If love remain behind

Submissive thus, more prized you are by me, Than in estate, or grandeur, you could be.

Then you are mine, and you accept this heart? Duke.Stella. (coquettishly) That we shall see!

Duke

Oh, let me here impart My fondest wish, my burning passion, now, Less than I feel, and more than I avow!

The Duke has risen, seized the hand of Stella, who escapes from him, and is rushing after her, when the clock strikes eleven, and Sylvio appears at c. door.

Duke. Heavens! he here! and I not alone to receive him? Sylvio. What do I behold? Gracious providence! my fair unknown! this time, at least, she shall not escape me.

Duke. (to Sylvio) Rash youth ! this young girl is under the protection of the Regent of Sicily, and no one else has the right so to

address her. Sylvio. It is to her, whose power is only surpassed by her beauty, that I owe everything in the world! Besides, she gave me a rendezvous here, at this very hour, and I am here by her orders.

Duke. It is not she, but I, who ordered you here. Sylvio. (to Stella) Is that true.

Stella. It is.

Stella.

Duke. (pointing to Stella) And if the lady will condescend to leave us. you shall know the object of this meeting.

Stella. Why so much mystery, my liege? I know all you are about

to say to him, so you may speak without any fear before me.

Duke. I cannot—the safety of the state forbids.

Stella. Rather say-your own! I will say what you are afraid to utter.

Duke and Sylvio. How?

Stella. Twenty years since, Don Pedro the First, King of Sicily, died, leaving a son, two years old, the Infanta, Don Paul, heir to that throne, of which the grandees of the kingdom have nominated you—Regent.

Duke Be silent, madam!

Stella. I will speak, and will proclaim to all Sicily, that, instead of being a second father, and a protector to this child, you sought to be his executioner: that you entrusted him to mercenary hands to take away his life; that saved by a miracle, he is still alive; and that Don Sylvio, of St. Michael, general of the Sicilian army, here present, is that very Don Paul the first sovereign ruler of the kingdom of Sicily, to whom these regal decorations belong!

[Taking up the insignia of the Regent from the table, and placing them on the shoulder of Don Sylvio.

Duke. (enraged) The throne is mine, and this pretender shall never ascend it.!

Stella. What shall prevent him?

Duke. His death! [striking on the bell]

[The L. door, immediatly files open, and the assassins appear—they hesitate but for a moment, then, seeing the Regent without any decoration, rush upon him—stab him, and drag him off.

Sylvio. What is't they do?

Stella. Justice! for he would have assassinated you!!!

[Here the bells of Palermo are heard in full peal—shouts and the firing of cannon, and full rejoicing—then, seizing Sylvio by the hand, Stella exclaims, as she hurries him out at the back "I promised thee a throne, and the people are about to give it thee!" Exeunt rapidly.

Scene IV.—Public place of the City of Palermo, by night—at the back, the Palace of the Regent on fire—the people armed, with torches, and led by the Pirates, enter in large bodies. Loud shouts and flourishes of music, in the midst of which Stella appears, leading in Sylvio, surrounded by Soldiers, Sailors, Pirates, Nobles, Esquires, Magistrates, &c.. &c., and followed by the Grand Seneschal, and other dignitaries of the kingdom.

Stella. Behold the King!

Grand Sen. Who can prove this?

Stella. I! In one hour you shall have proofs that the brave Sylvio. conqueror of the Neapolitans, and chosen one of the people, is the son of Don Pedro, heir to the throne, and rightful King of Sicily.

All. (kneeling) Huzza! Huzza!

Sylvio. [looking at Stella] If this be but a dream, it is, indeed, a bright one.

[Music repeated—and shouts are continued, as they all rise, the flames are still blazing at the Palace in the distance, while all surround Sylvio.

END OF ACT II.

#### ACT III.

Scene I.—The vestibule of an inn, situate in one of the Faubourgs of Palermo—it is open at the back, with a distant view of the City.

Enter !lamir.

#### RECITATIVE.

Don Paul some moments hence, the proudest crown will wear
Which fate bestows!
And Stella, loved, and loving him, that diadem will share
To her he owes—

Ram. Here are our men coming, whom she has summoned to this lonely inn—what further orders has she to give them?

[The Pirates, wrapped up in dark cloaks, here enter mysteriously at each side.

## CHORUS (in half tone.)

Hither we come, at our lady's will,
And whether in crowded hall,
By lonely inn, or ruined wall,
We hear that chieftain's call.
Thither we go, her wish to fulfil.

[At the end of this morceau, Stella enters, enveloped in a cloak, under which she wears an elegant Sicilian costume—the Pirates all uncover—Stella advances in the midst of them.

#### RECITATIVE.

My brave companions, who so oft have shared In perils past, and death as oft have dared For me, as for my father—(for by you Fulfilled is now the task he had in view;) Dear as you were to him, you ne'er could be More loved by Tellis than you are by me.

# CHORUS OF PIRATES (as in Act I.)

[Surrounding Stella and affectionately kissing her hands and garments.

Ever be happy, and light as thou art, Pride of the Pirate's heart—
Long be thy reign
On the land, o'er the main,
By the glaive, by the chart,
Queen of the Pirate's heart.

#### SOLO.—Stella.

My task is ended, and again Return we to the boundless main; The safest place, the only home Where exile hath the power to roam,

Within whose unpolluted breast He takes, unwatched, his final rest.

CHORUS (repeated.)

Stella. Meet me all to-night, at the chapel of St. Marie Majeure, where we will embark to join our vessel.

Ram. How can you talk of going hence, when Sicily's King will

undoubtedly offer you his hand and throne?

Stella. (sorrowfully.) The daughter of Juan Tellis can never be the

wife of Don Paul.

Ram. But your father was the Count de Santo Major, a descendant of one of the most illustrious families of Spain-but persecuted, and banished from his country, he became a Pirate under the name of Tellis, to revenge himself on his ungrateful country.

Stella. (haughtily.) I have not forgotton that, but the King of Sicily must be matched more brilliantly than with the now obscure Stella.

Ram And why?-You love him!

Stella. I am accountable to heaven alone for my feelings-I may however tell you that, apprehensive of Don Paul's desire to detain me near him, should we meet again, I feared to take him the declaration of the deceased minister of his father, which constitutes his right to the throne, and wanting which, he cannot reign this day, and I therefore entrust it to my faithful Nuguez, Pacheco, and Theobaldo, the three bravest and most devoted of our band, to deliver into his hands.

Ram. They must use all dispatch then, for the people have already began to look upon Sylvio as an imposter, and unless he can prove

his birth, his death will be the consequence.

Stella. Good heavens!—Yet I have no doubt that Nuguez has e'er now placed this authentic document in the Prince's own hands.

[ Nuguez rushes in, pale and bleeding, and falls at the feet of Stella. Nug. [in a dying voice] Par-don! par-don!-

Stella. Gracious powers !- Nuguez here! wounded and dving! [ Here all the Pirates surround Nuguez. and support him in their arms.

Stella. Where is Pacheco?

Nug. Dead!

Stella. And Theobaldo?

Nug. Three balls pierced his heart!

Stella. And thee, wretched man!
Nug. Wounded in the breast, they left me for dead; and with great difficulty I dragged myself hither to tell our misfortune.

All. Speak! speak.

Nug. That paper was taken from me in an infamous ambuscade, planned by the villain Galeas, confidant of the late Regent.

Stella. Then all is lost!

Nug. Galeas himself robbed me of it.

Ram. Guleas! and what has become of him?

Nug. He re-entered the fortress, at the foot of which we were attacked.

Ram. Which fortress is still in the hands of the Regent's friends.

Stella. [despairingly.] All is over! without that writing Don Paul will be treated as an imposter, deprived of his throne, and his life fall a sacrifice!

Ram. Such fates await him, and Galeas has too surely destroyed so important a document.

Stella. Oh, no, Galeas will keep it as a treasure.

All. To arms! to arms!

Ram. Impossible! what could a handful of men, like you, do against a citadel, well defended? this writing may be recovered, but neither by force nor violence.

Stella. [anxiously] How then?

Ram. By stratagem—by getting at Galeas, and seizing it.

Stella. Do that, and you'll be the noblest and most generous of men.

Ram. [taking Stella aside] No, the fondest! Stella. What mean you?

Ram. That I put a price on this service.

Stella. And what price?

Ram. Your hand

Stella. My hand?

Ram. Promise to bestow it on me, if I return from this terrible ex-

pedition.

Stella. Wretch! [aside] Oh! torture, insupportable! to belong to

Ram. Decide-for time presses.

Stella. Return with that document which has been taken from us, and my hand, my faith, are yours!

Ram. You swear it?

Stella. I swear it! one word more. What time do you require to execute this project?

Ram. Two hours. In two hours I shall either be no more, or with

Don Paul in the King's palace.

Stella. I will await you there, for I shudder to think of the danger which may befall the Prince in that brief space!-begone! [then turning to the body of Pirates You meet me at the Chapel of St. Marie [Exit Stella. Majeure at eight to night!

Ram. [putting on a monk's dress] Death without her-or happiness

with her.

Scene II .- The King's Cabinet in the Palace of Palermo-on the O. P. side, a table with writing materials on it—on P. S. a window looking out on the public square—in the flats immense doors of stained glass, opening on an extensive gallery.

Don. P. At length the destiny, which this strange and lovely creature promised me, is about to be accomplished -some moments more, and I shall be king of Sicily! [rises] Still, while such allotment would crown the ambition of all other men, it conveys a feeling of sorrow to me-for those melancholy words she once addressed to me perpetually recur to my memory:

> "If danger threaten, or if grief you fear, "In hour of sorrow, you will find me near!

"But happy once, and far from peril free, "Her whom you gaze on, you no more will see."

# RECITATIVE.

Oh, what are rank and glory? Oh! what exalted birth! Give me a heart that's happy, Before the wealth of earth.

CAVATINA.

Oh, hither plume thy wing, Thou loved and lovely thing! Whose voice's murmuring Is all to me! Oh, from thy viewless sphere, Once more to him appear, Whose life will wither here, Unless with thee!

If this be but a vision, though charm the soul it may, I could, without one scle regret, behold it pass away, But, if its spirit should again, upon my senses break,

That bliss dream is one from which I would not wish to wake.

Oh, hither plume thy wing, &c.

[Mathanasius runs in pale and out of breath.

Mat. All is over with us.

Don P. Why, what's the matter? Mat. Why, the matter is, that a deputation from the Senate, in the persons of three black looking fellows, is coming here.

Don P. For what?

Mat. For what? that's cool! why, to declare you an impostor, to give you up to justice, and to hang the King of Sicily, as they would the worst of his subjects.

Don P. I fear nothing—what my protectress promised, she will

Mat. [beside himself.] Your protectress is an intriguing devil, who only made you king, to get some snug places out of you, for her family-that's all !-

Don P. I am delighted to hear of any impending danger, for she promised never to leave me, but in prosperity, and, by your account

we are a long way off it.

Mat. We can't well be farther! and now you are in a hobble. you'll see no more of her!

Don P I shall.

Mat. You won't—mark my words!

Don P. I shall—behold her here! [with an exclamation, pointing to Stella, who suddenly appears at a private door.]

Don. P. [tenderly ] Do I again behold you? my heart told me you

had not quite abandoned me!

Mat. [advancing to Stella.] Oh. gallantry, now, is all nonsense! I say young woman, fairy, hobgoblin, angel. devil. no matter whatof course. you know the pretty mess we are in, and I look to you, or your particular triend, Satan, to get us out of it

Stella. Alas! I am but a poor girl, who has made you the idol of

the people and paved your way to the throne

Mat. [trembling] We shall have to step from that throne as you call it to the gallows! there they are! [looking towards D F.] coming, no doubt, to clap us both under arrest!

Stella. All is not yet lost—those papers may be yours, but time is necessary, and should our project succeed it will be two hours be-

fore we can obtain them.

Mat. [in despair ] Two hours! why, we shall be hung three times a-piece, long before that! and that would be the height of inconvenience.

#### Enter Lord in Waiting.

Lord. A deputation from the Senate waits upon your majesty. 'tella. [to Don Paul.] Who are these men?

Don P. Some friends of the late Regent, libertines and sensualists like himself.

Stella. Just as it should be, such persons readily sacrifice duty for pleasure. Order a sumptuous repast, and leave the rest to me.

[ Whispers to Mathanasius.

Mat. Oh, certainly, if there's any eating going on, I am your man!

[Exit quickly as the Three Senators enter.

Sen The people now assembled in the square of the Palace, murmur, and charge you with fraud and imposture; the Senate therefore, require that, within an hour Don Paul shall substantiate his right to the throne, or failing to do so, be declared guilty of treason, and suffer

Don P. Be it so, sirs, an hour will suffice me [looking at Stella] to satisfy the people and Senate, and I wish that hour, of such anxiety

to all, to be one of pleasure to us!

[The Senators appear amazed at this reply, when the King's Pages enter with refreshments, richly laid out, preceded by Mathanasius.

Senators. What may this mean?

Don P. You will not refuse to drink to the health of your King, for I still am so, at all events, for an hour

Stella. [aside to Don Paul.] Excellent!

Don P. Be seated gentlemen, Don Paul requests you, and your King commands you!

First Sen. Be it so, [turning an hour-glass, which stands on the table] but when the last grain of that sand shall fall like the moment it indicates, into the abyss to time, we shall falfil our duty, and either salute the heir of Don Pedro. or conduct a traitor to the scaffold.

Mat. He's taken away my appetite!

Stella. A banquet is not complete without music, and that part of the festivity, I will take upon myself.

> [All seat themselves, except Stella, who stands near the table, and begins the following song, keeping her eyes fixed on the hour glass.

#### SONG.

Who has not heard, o'er vale and hill, When twilight melts away. The nightingale's melodious thrill,

Salute the waking day? Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la.

Each note of that enchanting song, On lip of echo floats along The jealous thrush alarmed to find

A rival near, will then repeat Those tones so touching, and so sweet,

With which, in shade Of yonder glade,

The nighting le entrusts the wind—

Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la.

That charming song demands a toast, I think-Don P. Senators. To talent, and to beauty, both we drink! [Stella, still anxiously watching the hour-glass.

#### RECITATIVE.

Time flies on, and no tidings are yet heard of Ramir.

#### SECOND VERSE.

But, soon as morn has thrown its light, Along the verdant plain, The songstress waits till coming night. To swell that note again-Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la.

And then, till dawn once more draws nigh. She warbles for h her melody; Its music falls upon the ear Of harmony, the sweetest sound Whereby our mortal sense is bound-

And is the known— The only tone

Which, like its own, love sighs to hear Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la

#### Don P. and Senators.

Oh, never yet, in glade or dell, Hath warbled nightingales so well!

Stella. [aside] The time is accomplished—the papers are not recovered-and all is lost.

## SENATORS. [rising] RECITATIVE.

Enough-enough-our honour bids us take Those steps, which scenes of such enchantment break; The time has passed, and we fulfil our task, And yield to justice all that she should ask— Don Paul, we wait-

And is there, then, no hope? Stella. (aside) Don P. (to Senators)

Sirs, I am ready, (then to Stella) Doom'd howe'er to

With adverse fate, whate'er my lot may be, This heart, till pulseless, still will beat for thee!

[The Senators are about to lead off Don Paul, when a Pirate springs into the room, from the back, with a paper in his hand, which he gives to Stella.

Stella. Stay, my lords, and salute your King—here is the proof of his claim to the throne.

[She gives the sealed paper to the Chief of the Senate, and turning round to see who brought it to her, exclaims, "Gracious heavens!—it is not Ramir!"

[The Chief of the Senate breaks the seal of the paper. and to a piano accompaniment of the orchestra, reads these

"We, Don Bartholomeo, formerly First Minister of the Kingdom of Sicily, having retired to an obscure solitude, to expiate our crimes, and being on the eve of quitting this life, confess before heaven, to have committed, with the connivance of the Regent, the enormous sin of entrusting to the hands of the Pirate, Juan Tellis, Don Paul, the youthful heir to the throne, with a view to his death; but, having since ascertained in this, our holy retreat, from the Pirate humself, that, touched with pity for the child, he had spared its life, and had it secretly brought up; we swear, by our hopes of salvation, that the heir to the throne of Sicily, is Don Sylvio, of St. Michael—a refugee in the castle so called, situated in the Abruzzi Mountains—and we entrust this authentic document to the accomplice of our crime, Juan Tellis, equally repentant as ourself, that he may use every possible means to repair the wrong we have done. Signed at Montenegro, in remission of our sins—Fra Bartholomeo.

Sen. [bowing with great respect] My Lords, with such testimony, the signature to which is known by us all, let us render homage to the son of our late sovereign—to our sovereign himself.

Don P. [falling in transport at Stolla's feet] It is to you I owe my throne and life,—but I will never accept its crown unless you par-

take it with me.

Stella [greatly agitated] Sire,—in mercy, speak not to me thus.

Don P. My love-my faith-are yours-

Ram. [suddenly appearing on the other side of Stella] But your hand is mine.

[Stella turns round, and utters a scream of terror on seeing him, during which, the Senators open the window on P. s. balcony, and the Chief exclaims, leading Don Paul, for ward, "People,—behold your King!"

CHORUS (of People under the window.)

Long live the King!
Let loyalty and duty prove,
How lasting is a people's love!
Long live the King!

Don. P. (to Stella) Say, then, you will be mine.

Stella. (with deep emotion) Go, Prince, go, and receive the homage
of your subjects,—in a few moments hence you will have my answer.

[Here the Pages open the great doors at the back, and the Senators respectfully advance towards Don Paul.

: Chief. The Senate, Sire, await your pleasure.

[Don Paul obliged to follow them, as they go out, leaves Stella, with a struggle, while she makes a farewell signal to him.

Matt. (to Attendants, &c., and drawing himself up with an air of patronage) It depends entirely how you behave yourselves!

> Stella sits down to the table, and rapidly writes a few words—the front of the stage is then partially darkened, and the back-ground becomes brilliantly illuminated, while underneath the windows, the foregoing Chorus of the People is heard to die away in the distance.

Ram At the risk of my life I made my way into the presence of Galeas, under the disguise of a mendicant mouk, and presenting a poinard to his throat. I wrested that paper from him, and sent it to you by one of our men, while I staunched the blood that was streaming from my wounds.

Stella. You are wounded then?

Ram. In escaping from the citadel a shot hit me in the arm; I have, however, kept my word—will you keep yours?

Stella. Be at the Chapel of St. Marie Marjeure on the sea shore, at

eight o'clock, and there you shall find your bride.

Ram [overjoyed] Ah! then I shall not have paid too dearly for so

much happiness.

Stella. I ask but one last favor of you;—here are a few lines for the King-I entrust them to your honor-give them into Don Paul's own hand, and mine is yours.

Scene III.—The sea-shore on the o. p. side, the Chapel of St. Marie Majeure, the gothic portal of which projects on the stage, and to which several steps lead. The scene, which has a solitary and melancholy appearance, is lighted by a bright moon playing on the waves—a long-boat is made fast to the beach

> The Pirates enter, here and there, rolling in casks of epirits, bales of merchandise. Gr., Grc. with which they load the boat, and make other preparations for their departure.

#### CHORUS.

Adieu to fair Sicilia's strand, Her skies of azure blue, A brighter spot—a lovlier land— The wanderer never knew! Our home is on the sea, But ere we quit such scene, Pray upon bended knee, To heaven's virgin queen.

"[The Pirates all kneel on the steps of the Chapel.

#### CHORUS.

"Ave Maria, the seaman bends "To thee, whose holy spirit lends "A willing ear!

"And when around him rise,

"The storms, which shake the skies, "Oh, be thou near!

# All. [rising]

"Now, then, depart—the fav'ring gale "Is sporting with the unfurled sail!

#### "FULL CHORUS.

"Adieu to fair Sicilia's strand! &c.

[As the Pirates exeunt, the doors of the chapel slowly open, and Stella is seen to enter, dressed in a bridal costume, followed by some young girls, who, on a sign from her, re-enter the chapel.

" RECITATIVE.—STELLA.

"May heaven subdue this anguish, and spare to one such strife, "Who for another's happiness, has sacrificed her life."

"ROMANCE.

"This world has no allurement left "Its darkened days to cheer,

"When once the bosom feels bereft,

"Of that which made it dear!

"And disregarded now 'twould be, "My cup should sorrow brim.

"For let the tempest rage on me, "If sunlight smile on him.

" If hope, the tie we latest wean, " Could now avail me ought,

"'Twould be, that, in the brightest scene,

"He cast on me one thought; "And disregarded still 'twould be, " My cup should sorrow brim, "For let the tempest rage on me,

"If sunlight smile on him."

[Eight o'clock is heard to strike. Stella. Eight o'clock! It is the hour I appointed to meet Ramir; some one approaches—it is he, no doubt. Oh, how my soul sickens at the thought of this fearful marriage.

[A man wrapped up in a cloak, makes his appearance, and falls at Stella's feet-his large hat falling off, discovers Don Paul.

Stella. [uttering a violent scream] Don Paul! You here? Can I be-

lieve mine eyes?

Don. P. What occasions this surprise? Did you not, yourself, summon me hither?

Stella. I? never !-- it is some mistake--some treachery, perhaps. Don. P. Nevertheless, a man came to me, on your behalf, urging me to repair to this chapel, by telling me that you, Stella, -you, the daughter of Juan Tellis, or, rather, the daughter of Count de Santo

Majeure, awaited me here, to be privately united to me. Stella. Believe it not, Don Paul—such marriage is impossible! I am not my own mistress, I am the bride of another, I am no longer free?

Ram. [suddenly appearing.] You are free, Stella, free to accept the

illustrious hand offered you!

Stella. Ramir-Ramir here, and with such words upon his lip? No, no, I cannot believe it, it is some dream, from which 'twill break my heart to awake!

TRIO.—RAMIR.

The love, almost sublime, I felt, My heart hath tempered downAnd all the hopes therein which dwelt, I must in memory drown!

[ To Don Paul, with struggling feelings, pointing to Stella.]

That victim to another's fate In wedding me had died—

Don Paul and Stella.

His lip is struggling to relate

The tale his breast would hide;

Ramir, (to Don Paul.)

These words she penned to you, by doubt misled, Through indiscretion, have by me been read.

[Ramir reads the following words to a soft orchestral accompaniment.

"Don Paul,—to possess you of the invaluable document which places you on the throne, an intrepid man braved death—claiming my hand as the reward of such action—but, the sacrifice once made, I shall not have fortitude to survive the loss of my affection for you—and the ocean wave will offer me the only refuge from such everlasting sorrow. Adieu, Don Paul—my latest thoughts will be on you."

TRIO, (continued)

DON PAUL to STELLA.

You would have died for me? (she averts her head.)

#### RAMIR.

She had not paused—
And I, who prized her most, that death had caused; I watched her childhood, both in grief and gloom,
Beheld her beauty burst into its bloom,—
And worshipping, as angels do above,
The Pirate thus, had never proved his love!
No, Stella!—no!—the grief your heart to lose,
The jealous paugs which sorro v oft imbues—
My almost superhuman thoughts for you,
I've learned, whate'er the torture, to subdue!

#### STELLA.

Ah! now I see, indeed, that, in thee blend The guardian of my youth—the brother—friend!

DON PAUL

The sacrifice thy noble soul hath made, By him who knows its worth can ne'er be paid.

RAMIR. (wiping away his tears.)

Ah! make her happy, sire,—a gift so rare That I—that Heaven confideth to your care; Stella. adieu!—adieu for evermore!

Stella You leave me, then?

RAMIR. (Pointing to the Pirate's vessel, seen approaching.)

Our vessel leaves the shore
Winged for a flight—through distant seas to plough,
The only home that's left the Pirate now!
I, once again, return to those who smiled,
Who prayed—who watched o'er thee, their darling child;
I bear to them their lady's last farewell!

STELLA. (greatly moved.)

Friends, in my heart your memory long will dwell!

(At this moment is heard the distant repeat of the Pirates'

#### CHORUS.

Ever be happy and light as thou art, Pride of the Pirate's heart!—
Long be thy reign
On the earth—o'er the main—
By the glaive.—by the chart.—
Queen of the Pirate's heart!

Ram. List to each word,—each well remember'd tone—
They call on both—but I return alone!

I join them now—one long and last adieu,—
Though leagued with them, my heart remains with you

[Ramir clasps the hand of Stella—rushes into the hout and disappears. Don Paul enfolds Stella in his arms, as a crowd of Lords. Ladies, Senators, Pages, Populace, enter on the stage. The Pirate's chorus is again distantly heard, as the bout, with Ramir, is seen approaching the vessel.

#### CHORUS-PIRATES

Ever be happy and light as thou art,—&c, &c., &c.

[As the chorus is faintly heard in the distance, Stella leads Don Paul forward, and sings the opening motive of their duett in Act I:

My presence still in calm or storm, Shall aid to thee impart, And learn that if I change my form, I never change my heart.

**FULL CHORUS** 

END OF THE OPERA.



